Arc. Good morrow noble kineſman,
Pal. I have put you
To too much paines Sir.
Arc. That too much faire Coſen,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Pal. Would you were ſo in all Sir; I could wiſh ye
As kinde a kinſman, as you force me finde
A beneficiall foe, that my embraces
Might thanke ye, not my blowes.
Arc. I ſhall thinke either
Well done, a noble recompence.
Pal. Then I ſhall quit you.
Arc. Defy me in theſe faire termes, and you ſhow
More then a Miſtris to me, no more anger
As you love any thing that's honourable;
We were not bred to talke man, when we are arm'd
And both upon our guards, then let our fury
Like meeting of two tides, fly ſtrongly from us,
And then to whom the birthright of this Beauty
Truely pertaines (without obbraidings, ſcornes,
Diſpiſings of our perſons, and ſuch powtings
Fitter for Girles and Schooleboyes) will be ſeene
And quickly, yours, or mine: wilt pleaſe you arme Sir,
Or if you feele your ſelfe not fitting yet
And furniſhd with your old ſtrength, ile ſtay Coſen
And ev'ry day diſcourſe you into health,
As I am ſpard, your perſon I am friends with,
And I could wiſh I had not ſaide I lov'd her
Though I had dide; But loving ſuch a Lady
And juſtifying my Love, I muſt not fly from't.
Pal. *Arcite*, thou art ſo brave an enemy
That no man but thy Coſen's fit to kill thee,
I am well, and luſty, chooſe your Armes.
Arc. Chooſe you Sir.
Pal. Wilt thou exceede in all, or do'ſt thou doe it
To make me ſpare thee?
Arc. If you thinke ſo Coſen,
You are deceived, for as I am a Soldier.

I will not ſpare you.
Pal. That's well ſaid.
Arc. You'l finde it
Pal. Then as I am an honeſt man and love,
With all the juſtice of affection
Ile pay thee ſoundly: This ile take.
Arc. That's mine then,
Ile arme you firſt.
Pal. Do: pray thee tell me Coſen,
Where gotſt thou this good Armour.
Arc. Tis the Dukes,
And to ſay true, I ſtole it; doe I pinch you?
Pal. Noe.
Arc. Is't not too heavie?
Pal. I have worne a lighter,
But I ſhall make it ſerve.
Arc. Ile buckl't cloſe.
Pal. By any meanes.
Arc. You care not for a Grand guard?
Pal. No, no, wee'l uſe no horſes, I perceave
You would faine be at that Fight.
Arc. I am indifferent.
Pal. Faith ſo am I: good Coſen, thruſt the buckle
Through far enough.
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My Caske now.
Arc. Will you fight bare-armd?
Pal. We ſhall be the nimbler.
Arc. But uſe your Gauntlets though; thoſe are o'th leaſt,
Prethee take mine good Coſen.
Pal. Thanke you *Arcite*.
How doe I looke, am I falne much away?
Arc. Faith very little; love has uſd you kindly.
Pal. Ile warrant thee, Ile ſtrike home.
Arc. Doe, and ſpare not;
Ile give you cauſe ſweet Coſen.
Pal. Now to you Sir,
Me thinkes this Armo'rs very like that, *Arcite*,